

The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,
But soft, me thinkes I doe digresse too much,
Cyting my worthles praise, Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marcus. Now is my turne to speake: behold this childe,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The villaine is a liue in *Titus* house,
And as he is to witnes this is true,
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge,
These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romanes?
Haue we done ought amisse? show vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a muttall closure of our house:
Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

Emilius. Come come thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour for well I know,
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

Marcus. *Lucius*, all haile Romes royall Emperour,
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moore*,
To be adiudgd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour.

Lucius. Thankes gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe:

But

of *Titus Andronicus.*

But gentle people giue me ayme a while,
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk,
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops vpon thy bloud-slaine face,
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

Marc. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Lucius. Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs,
To melt in showers, thy Grandfater lou'd thee well,
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,
In that respect then like a louing childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kinde nature doth require it so,
Friends should associate friends in grieue and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.

Puer. O Grandfater, Grandfater, euen with all my hart,
Would I were dead so you did liue againe.
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

Romaine. You sad *Andronicus* haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euents.

Lucius. Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,
If any one releues or pitties him,
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

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